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The Daily Times.

SIX PAGES.

SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 25, 1888.

THE DISASTER IN THE SOUDAN.

The disaster to the English General Hicks and his Egyptian army, on the upper Nile, is something appalling in its magnitude and completeness, if the reports are to be believed, and, unfortunately, they appear to be confirmed. The annihilation of ten thousand men puts this disaster among the greatest disasters in the history of war. It appears to be a Custer massacre on an extended scale. Hicks Pasha and his native troops, being decoyed into a narrow defile, were surrounded by the forces of the False Prophet, double in numbers and with all the advantages of a chosen position, and shot down with merciless fury during a contest which lasted for three days. Few were left to tell the tale. We can well believe that this stunning disaster has "paralyzed" the native government and caused a feeling bordering on consternation in England. There is no longer any thought of withdrawing the British contingent from Egypt, and the end is not yet. The fanatical Mohammedan followers of the False Prophet, flushed with the great victory they have just gained, and wrought up to a point of frenzy by appeals to their religious and race animosities, will move on for the complete conquest of the Soudan and the subjugation of their infidel enemies.

It is a curious fact that, though the barbarian army is said to be supplied to a large extent with modern weapons of war, they fought by preference and command, in the late bloody battle, with the spear and other primitive weapons of barbarous warfare.

The shattered Egyptian army will of course be reorganized, though slowly, by the British government will put forth fresh efforts to assert and maintain its position in Egypt, and the power of the False Prophet will ultimately be broken, since it is impossible for the barbarian hordes to hold out against civilized troops equipped with modern arms and war engines. But the work will not be done in a day or a month. It may last a year or more, and the contest will not be closed without subduing fighting.

A NEW ISLAND IN THE FAR NORTH.

The volcanic upheaval reported as having recently occurred in Bering Sea (not in the Arctic Ocean, it is stated in some journals), by which a new island has been added to the Aleutian chain, is an interesting though not an unexpected event, since that whole region is clearly volcanic in character, and evidence is abundant that great chain of islands, more than a thousand miles in length, stretching well to the Asian shore, was formed in the same way. The location of the new island is reported to be in close proximity to the Island of Bogoslof ("Word of God"), which lies thirty or forty miles north-west from Ounalaska. There are several volcanoes in the immediate vicinity, among which are Makushin, on Ounalaska Island (54°47' feet in height), Akootan, and Shishaldin, on Unalaska. These do not now, however, eject lava, but emit smoke, steam and ashes; but in former times, and within the memory of men still living, many of them belched forth from their heated stomachs large stones, and still longer ago it is recorded that lava was poured out on Unalaska in immense streams. The evidence of former volcanic violence is found to-day in the scarred, rugged surfaces of the once liquid rock, which made traveling on that island excessively fatiguing. Akootan and Makushin are even now more or less active, but the country has experienced no noteworthy disturbance or damage on their account for the last forty years. Previous to that time, however, severe earthquakes are recorded as having been felt; and by this means Bogoslof was formed. Indeed, its growth has been witnessed by the present generation of natives. The story of the first appearance of this island, as told by several Russian writers, is, in its essential features, as follows: In the fall of 1790 the residents of Unalaska were surprised by a series of loud reports and tremblings of the earth, followed by the appearance of a dense cloud, full of smoke and ashes, which came down upon them from the sea to the northward, and after a week or ten days, during which time the cloud hung steadily over them, accompanied by earthquakes and subterranean thunder, it cleared away somewhat, so that they saw distinctly to the northward a bright light burning above the sea, and upon closer inspection in their boats, the people found that a small island, elevated about one hundred feet above sea

A FASCINATING LAND.

An Eminent Journalist Writes of California as a Paradise.

The Wonders of Its Climate and Variety of its Productions—in the Valley and Summer Heights, with a Description of the Mountain Peaks.

Correspondence Wheeling Intelligencer.]

LOS ANGELES, Nov. 7.—I have now been in this part of California for ten days, during which time I have made various excursions into the adjacent regions. The question of water for purposes of irrigation is the question that determines the value of millions of acres of land in this State. Land that is worthless without water can be made worth \$100 per acre before the virgin soil is tilled, while land that is well irrigated is worth \$1,000 per acre. The cost of irrigation is the most important consideration. The light of the sun was completely excluded from the section, many ascribing this to a total eclipse, and others, seeing the clouds and experiencing a peculiar dryness, were inclined to believe that the world was approaching its end. Mr. Applegate of the Signal station presented me with a small piece of dried grass, which I held up to the sun, and it was then that I first observed the appearance of this phenomenon. 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FRANCIS UTTUM.
A. W. R. — that calls
v. 2, day waterfalls,
Tempting, where downy seeds are
blown, and go,
where the rose is dying.
For Redding Bar,
hole corn
and corn
partridge drums in hidden
There, insects gleam
line v. stream,
winged spiders spin their silken
large, to execute
fall and hill, and
plains, where swallows call their flocks
slosh, or,
water, and snow,
San Joaquin, where blow
blossoms of a balsam
sense of grief,
falling leaf,
Crushes, and summer doubly
wing dreams
and gossamer
the fairest glories of the present.
Geo. ANNOLD.

GUPPY'S DAUGHTER.

"That goes old Guppy—Butcher Guppy. Camps over yon in the gulch with his family. Live like dogs the hull caboodle. Ye won't set eyes on a slouchier crowd between Redding Bar and Klamath."

My host, who was one of the best-known pioneers of the pretty mining village of Northern California to which a trip for business and pleasure had called me, emptied his briar-pipe on the flat stone that served as a door-step to his cabin, and walked slowly down the path to the gate, which sagged quite to the ground on its leather hinges. I thrust a handful of letters and papers into my pocket, and hurried out from the pleasant shade of the grapevines arbor extending from the house to the well. The loungers in front of the saloon opposite took their hands out of their pockets, hatched their tilted chairs back to a more scientific angle, and turned fishy eyes in the same direction. The blacksmith suspended his task of putting new steel points on a worn-out pick, and stood massively in the doorway, shading his face with a red and hairy hand. Even the boys picked apples in the treetops in the orchard by the gleaming mountain river, saw the hearing cloud of dust, heard faint sounds from beneath, knocked off work, and began to speculate as to who or what was approaching, for they could hardly see through the bushes massed along the road. Doubtless the children droved over their "books" in the brown school-house standing on the bed-rock of an exhausted gravel mine, looked fruitfully out of the windows, and reported to their companions by look and sign. John called after her, to get the books, but she whirled round and yelled out, "Think I want them things any more?" And nobody ever saw her over here again."

"I hate you all. I hate your infernal town. I'll come back some night and burn your old houses." Then she caught up her books, making a big racket, and flung out of the door, kicking over three or four of the dinner-pails in the entry. An' she went along the hillsides so as not to go through town, an' took the straight trail for home, though it was three o'clock in the afternoon and fifteen hard miles to go. But my boy John he comes across the hill cattle-hunting an hour later, an' seen her settin' on log cryin', an' pullin' out the leaves of her reader, an' throwin' them off in the bushes. When she see him, she stood up an' dropped her books on the log, an' started on along the trail. John called after her, to get the books, but she whirled round and yelled out, "Think I want them things any more?" And nobody ever saw her over here again."

"That's my sister. She wants me. I'm goin'."

I hunted in my saddle-bags and found another illustrated magazine for her. She nodded with a "Thank you, ma'am," and slipped into the chapparel and undergrowth that lined the roadside. The hound followed, and I heard the rattle of the slyty pibbles under their feet as they climbed, but the bushes grew too closely to allow even a glimpse of her red dress. Occasionally a tremulous quiver in the boughs, as she caught hold of them to assist her ascent, showed her sinuous course as she threaded her way onward. Half-way up the mountain there must have been many open spaces, for looking back as I rode on, I caught glimpses of her climbing over projecting masses of rock. "Old Guppy's" daughter had returned to her wilderness.

It was a curious story he had told. The mountain world about us was forty miles from a railroad, and primitive enough in many of its ways; but fifteen miles deeper in the wilderness were the true mountaineers, relapsing into newspaperless barbarism. I looked down on the broad, dark river, flowing past red cliffs that crumbled fast under the attacks of hydraulic miners, rushing over a bough, and knelt in boisterous haste for a drink. Occasionally a tremulous quiver in the boughs, as she caught hold of them to assist her ascent, showed her sinuous course as she threaded her way onward. Half-way up the mountain there must have been many open spaces, for looking back as I rode on, I caught glimpses of her climbing over projecting masses of rock. "Old Guppy's" daughter had returned to her wilderness.

Two or three days were passed in this breezy summerland; and one morning I was riding along a bare mountain trail five miles or so north of the mining village. The ascent was steep and long, and I took an illustrated magazine from my saddle-bags, and glanced over its contents, letting the reins lay on my horse's neck. Coming up a wayside spring under a clump of junipers, I dismounted, laid the magazine down on a flat-rock, flung the bridle over a bough, and knelt in boisterous haste for a drink. The water was luxuriant of reflected leaves and bloom, giving one a joyous feeling merely to look into its depths, and the clear, cold water seemed to taste of spicy roots and fragrant herbs.

The boy on horseback struck viciously at him with the whip he carried, and the urchin rolled down the low bank and under a friendly bush, just in time to escape the stinging rawhide-tipped lash. Neither father nor son spoke a word, but they looked at the townspeople with undisguised animosity, and went on, soon disappearing with their attendant dust-cloud over a pine-covered ridge toward the west.

"Guppy's a queerosity," said the chatty pioneer. "Buys his hogs and cattle on the coast. Drives 'em here an' there, an' makes money every trip. Never spends any. Has it in bank. That's all right. Nobody's down on him for not gamblin' nor settin' 'em up for the last. They kept their roundabout backsides together, and rode through the town with avered faces, hardly casting a glance to left or right.

"Guppy, what's pork worth?" shouted a sandy-haired, bare-legged urchin, who sat by the roadside, dabbling with hands and feet in the soft, brick-red dust.

The boy on horseback struck viciously at him with the whip he carried, and the urchin rolled down the low bank and under a friendly bush, just in time to escape the stinging rawhide-tipped lash. Neither father nor son spoke a word, but they looked at the townspeople with undisguised animosity, and went on, soon disappearing with their attendant dust-cloud over a pine-covered ridge toward the west.

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FRANCISCO
The wax calls
of waterfalls
at J. GATE.
Temple, home and go,
Dawn, where the rose is dying.
These come
For Rain, all pipes at morn,
Cartridge drums in hidden
insects gleam
For Rain.
There is no wind spin their film
line white
largest in San Joaquin,
to extract a swallow call their flock
photo bouz and snow,
clothes, where blow
we're in bloom
of a balmor
one of great
the leaf,
make the summer doubly
Crusader dreams,
of the fairest glories of the present.
Geo. ARNOLD.

FRENCH MODERN PLATO.

A mention of marriage,"
arous, "leads to other
Cass. Marriage means some-
thing more than two persons live-
El Mother under one roof. It
is termed unwise if it, when
Khart; but good of it, when
ing in immense number of girls
2d to fig their turn in the mat-
suited market."

"It may be unwise, also,"
Europeanerman, "not to tell of
who sees of deflection in the
and in
Mulete proposition," continued
was that marriage means
first seen, more than mere living
divine it embraces much more
joined in really thought: There
agement instant concession, mut-
of His, supreme loyalty to
subtlety, and deference for the
square of those depending upon
these products are not
had in the market;"

A cot's are as plentiful as
down w sand. Further, I will
Duen, etc., that the propor-
dan. Turred persons who are
comprised one another's com-
men, ten Britil ill-mated who are
Notwithsta
as to the numbered with their
Faith Prophets infinitely greater
militia, con-
tion who flour-
papars have formed period of our
try, 46," said Victor, "but I do
entitled to lay the blame entire-
Based on the mothers of marriage-
ope brights, as Herman inti-
Publicity is very potent
Pasninguishing love, and the
and with friends and relatives
total! one or the other is any-
Pro but conciliatory. In their
September days the intro-
20,000 family friends is very try-
taken, they find themselves the
had for such speculation. She
spend as not come up their
guiding idea, and he feels to
that he was expected to
Four "eye-making causes,"
tered alone, said Herman, laugh-
there are men who ran after
the car, when having
advised, did not have to run
officer, he need no longer to
Pasqu, for he has caught her.
He settles down to the hum-
Sun of every-day life and ex-
all such foolishness to
al. After awhile family care-
moins, the struggle against
tian is ever a struggle, and
spend his pocket-book wax
that "gather."

"Guppy, what's pork worth?"
shouted a sandy-haired, bare-
legged urchin, who sat by the
roadside, dabbling with hands
and feet in the soft, brick-red
dust.

The boy on horseback struck
viciously at him with the long
whip he carried, but the urchin
rolled down the low bank and
under a friendly bush, just in
time to escape the stinging raw-
hided lash. Neither father
nor son spoke a word, but they
looked at the townpeople with
undignified animosity, and went
on, soon disappearing with their
attendant dust-cloud over a pine-
covered ridge toward the west.

"Guppy's a queerosity," said
the urchin.

"Buy his hogs and cattle on the coast,
Drives 'em here an' there, an'
make money every trip. Never
spends any. Has it in bank, that's
all right. Nobdy's down on him for not gambelin',
but settin' 'em up for the boys,
old and young, like children
shipwrecked in mid-Atlantic,"—
[Charles How Shin, in Over-
land Monthly.]

The Midget Sheep.

The very smallest of all sheep

is the tiny Breton. It is too

small to be very profitable to

raise, for it cannot have much

wool, and as for eating, a hungry

man could almost eat a whole

one at a meal. It is so small

when full-grown that it can hide

behind a good-sized bucket. But

it is a dear little creature for a

pet, for it is very gentle and

loving, and because it is small,

not such a nuisance about the

house as was the celebrated lamb

which belonged to a little girl

name Mary. It would need to

be a very large little girl—a

girl indeed—who could take an

ordinary sheep in her lap and

cuddle it there; but any little

girl could find room in her lap

for a Breton sheep quite as easily

as for one of those very ugly little

dogs called by the ugly name of

ugly. One of this little creature's

peculiarities is its extreme

sensitivity with the feelings of its

human friends, when it has been

brought up as a pet in the house,

and has learned to distinguish

between happiness and unhappiness.

If any person whom it likes is very much pleased about

anything, and shows it by laughing,

the little sheep will skip about with every sign of joy, but

if, on the contrary, the person

sheds tears, the sympathetic friend

will evince its sorrow in an

equally unmistakable way. A

kind word and loving care will

also fill it with happiness, while

a cross word or harsh gesture

will cause it evident distress.—

[St. Nicholas.]

The Belles of Gotham.

The girls look natty in the

streets now. What with Eng-

lish walking coats, jockey round-

about, nabob ulsters, Newmarket

coats and bussar jackets, they

look as though they had been

freshly turned out of the tailors'

shops. The tailor, indeed, has

almost as much to do with

women's apparel now-a-days as

the dressmakers. As the swell

ladies have dummy pieces in

their shops, ready saddled, on

which women sit to be measured

for riding costumes. The cloth

used for women's coats is of a

peculiar elastic sort which fits the

form very closely. Many of the

Newmarket coats, for instance,

seem made out of only two pieces

of cloth, as only two seams are

visible. The girls look as if they

had been melted and then run

into them.—[Washington Star.]

After some experience with an

unshod horse, driven daily on all

sorts of roads from September

till March, Dr. H. Reynolds con-

cludes that in many cases horses

are just as well off without shoes

as with them. "If I had a coat

which had not been shod," he

says, "I should drive him with-

out shoeing until I saw that he

needed shoeing."—[New Eng-

land Farmer.]

"How far is it to where your

parents live?"

"It's a good ten miles, stranger;

"I should think your mother

would feel uneasy about you

if she were alone."

"I don't see such things," she

remarked, with an explanatory

"Pap says it's all truck. I

told him once to fetch me a book

with pictures. But he never did."

"Your father is Mr. Guppy?"

"They don't call him that. So the girl came. But land I

there couldn't be no one do a thing

with her. She didn't know but

just how to read them Webster

's spelling-book stories, and she

swore like a trooper; an' at recess

one day squared off with herfests

to whip a girl that spelled her

down. She staid two days, an'

I couldn't be stood no how. So I

had to suffer, to a savage!" or a

tramp. When a prisoner wishes

to be married, all he has to do

is to get in an application to

the poor who allows him a

meager three days' probation

and, if any incomm-

ing of temper seems likely

one guide, On requires twenty-

days. 1st Hicks Fm.,

army marched from M

Vive, and

army marched from M

HOW IT WAS DONE
There was a man in our town,
And when he wanted to write,
For when he marked his prices down
He then did advertise.
And when he saw his trade increase,
With all his might and main,
He marked still lower every piece
And advertised again.
And when he sold again,
His trade loudly avowed,
To see folks rush with might and main
To patronize his store.
And while they sat in solitude,
And when he raked the shucks in,
That man behind the counter stood
And raked the shucks in.
And when he raked the shucks in,
And when he raked the shucks in,
The banker asked, "When come the
"Ha, ha!" he said, "by advertising."

I could go to, until I could find something to do?"
Frank Evans could scarcely help smiling at poor Minnie's simplicity.
"They are putting out the lights and preparing to close the office," said Minnie, starting nervously at her feet. "I must go somewhere."

"Miss Harlan," said Frank, "my home is a very poor one—I am only a five-hundred dollar clerk—but I am sure my mother will receive you under her roof for day or two, if you can trust me."

"Trust you?" Minnie looked at him through violet eyes obscured in tears. "Oh, sir, I shall be so thankful."

"How late you are, Frank! Here—give me your overcoat—it is all powdered with snow, and—"

But Frank interrupted his bursting, cheery-cheeked little mother, as she stood on tip-toe to take off his outer wrappings. "Hush, mother, there is a young lady down stairs."

"A young lady, Frank?"

"Yes, mother," expressed from Iowa to old Harrington, the rich merchant. He sailed for Europe this morning, and she left entirely alone. Mother, she looks like poor Blanche, and I know you wouldn't refuse her a corner until she could find something to do."

Mrs. Evans went to the door and called cheerfully out: "Come up stairs, my dear, you're welcome as the flowers in May! Frank, you did quite right; you always do so."

The days and weeks passed on, and still Minnie Harlan remained an inmate of Mrs. Evans' humble dwelling.

"It seems just as though she had taken our dead Blanche's place," said the cosy little widow; "and she is so useful about the house. I don't know how I ever managed without her. Now, Minnie, you are not in earnest about leaving to-morrow?"

"I must, dear Mrs. Evans. Only think—I have been here most two months to-morrow, and the situation as governess is advantageous."

"Very well, I shall tell Frank how obstinate you are."

"Dearest Mrs. Evans, please don't. Please keep my secret."

"What secret is it that you're famous for?" asked Mr. Frank Evans, coolly walking into the midst of the discussion, with his dark hair tossed about by the wind, and his hazel brown eyes sparkling archly.

"Secret?" repeated Mrs. Evans, energetically wiping her dim-sighted glass. "Why, Minnie is determined to leave us to-morrow."

"I must, Frank. I have no right to further trespass on your kindness."

"No right, eh, Minnie; do you know that this old house has been a different place since you came into it? Do you suppose we want to lose our little sunbeam?"

Minnie smiled sadly, but her hand felt very cold and passive in Frank's warm clasps.

"You'll stay Minnie?"

"No."

She shook her head determinedly.

"Then you must be made to stay," said Frank. "I missed something of great value lately, and I hereby arrest you on suspicion of being the thief."

"Missed something?"

Minnie rose, turning red and white.

"O, Frank you can never suspect me!"

"But I do suspect you. In fact, I am quite sure that this article is in your possession."

"The article?"

"My heart, Miss Minnie. I know that I am very young and very poor, but I love you, Minnie Harlan, and I will be a good husband to you. Stay and have only got as far as F."

He Loved Her So.

"So you do love my daughter, eh?"

"Yes, sir."

"And you have money to support her in good style?"

"I have \$30,000 in bank and an income of \$5,000 a year."

"Money in bank? Ah, I see you are not a financier! You should have invested in bonds and doubled your interest. For instance, I have securities paying 10 per cent."

The young man hurried off to get his cash and buy bonds of his father-in-law. After he departed Lucy enters the library and asks:

"Father, did William ask your consent?"

"He did, dear."

"And you said yes?"

"No, darling, he has no wealth to give you station."

"But he has \$30,000."

"Oh, no; I just rated that in bonds that won't be worth 10 cents on the dollar six months hence. I love you too well to see you marry a poor man and live in sixth story rooms."—[Wall Street News.]

The Boundaries of God's Love.

As we cannot take up a drop of water from the Atlantic and find in that drop the flow of the tides, the lifting up of the billows, the power that floats all the ships of a thousand ports, and the soft and loud music of a calm and storm; as to see the ocean, we must grasp in all its rock bed bordered by the continents,—so we cannot, in the face of a dying infant, in the adversity of a good man, see the government of the love of God.

"It has boundaries wider than these. We must wait, and what the fleeting moments of God, ask the great years of God to bring. The tides of the mind, the deep music of human waters, cannot be seen in the depth of life."—[David Swing.]

A party of tourists from New York arrived at Helena, M. T., the other day, bringing a quarter of beef with them, having been told that there was no beef in Montana!

"As about every tenth man or woman you meet has the malaria, I made a note of the remedy and gave it to suffering humanity. What is the use of riding on a front platform and getting covered with mud if you cannot benefit your fellow men?"

"Shall I send to any other of your friends?"

"I have no friends."

"Perhaps I can have your things sent to some quiet family hotel?"

Minnie opened her little leather purse and showed him two ten-cent pieces, with a smile that was almost a tear.

"This is all the money I have in the world, sir."

"But what are you going to do?"

"I don't know, sir. Isn't there a workhouse, or some such place

Aids to Sleep-Getting.

To the multiplicity of methods by which sleeplessness can be overcome, or attempts in that direction made, a writer in Chamber's Journal adds that of keeping the eyes in a downward position. After describing the manner in which the experiment was forced upon his attention, he goes on: "Now it occurred to me one night that I would not allow the eyes to turn upward, but keep them determinedly in the opposite position, as if looking downward; and, having done so for a short time, I found that the mind did not revert to the thoughts with which it had been occupied, and I soon fell asleep. I tried the plan again, with the same result; and after an experience of two years I can truly say that, unless when something especially annoying or worrying occurred, I have always been able to go to sleep very shortly after retiring to rest."

There may occasionally be some difficulty in keeping the eyes in the position I have described, but a determined effort to do so is all that is required, and I am certain that if kept in the down-looking position it will be found that composure and sleep will be the result.

It may be said that as the continued effort to keep the eyeballs in a certain position so diverts the attention as to free the mind from the disagreeable subject with which it has been engaged, sleep will follow as a natural consequence. It is not improbable that this is to some extent correct, and if so, it is well that by means so simple and so easily adopted such a desired result can be secured. But I think this is not the only nor the principal reason. The position in which the eyes should be kept is the natural one—they are at ease in it; and when there is no compression of the lids or knitting of the brows, the muscles connected with and surrounding the eyes are relaxed. This condition is certainly much more favorable for sleep than for mental activity or deep thought.

The Greatest Medical Library.

Camp in Cleveland Leader.]

Ford's theatre, where Lincoln was shot, has been turned over to the medical profession. There is little in it to remind one of the famous assassination. If you go there, they will point you where Lincoln's box used to stand, and will show you the second story window out of which Booth jumped to get his horse and gallop away. If you are in high favor with your guide, perhaps you may get to see about three inches of Booth's vertebrae, which are pickled in alcohol. But these are all that will remind you that here was acted one of the greatest tragedies of history.

But the medical collections are the finest in the United States, and the medical library is the largest in the world. It has 60,000 volumes, and more than 66,000 pamphlets. A catalogue of all the subjects and authors contained in these books is being prepared. It is to be comprised in ten volumes of one thousand pages each; four volumes are already completed. They have twenty-five cent bible, and each of them will weigh about as much as a big dictionary. They have been working on them for half a dozen years or more, and they have only got as far as F.

A Model of Alliteration.

The following small piece of alliteration is the prospectus of a proposed publication in London, to be called the periodical.

A Pungent, Pictorial Publication—will Polish Popular Politicians Politely; Punish Pretentious Parliamentary Partisans; Dey of Algiers, Conquerer, with the fastest 100-mile record, was but two or three removes from a thoroughbred on one side, and three removes on the other.

Law Defenders.

There is a journalist at Los Angeles, who openly advocates flagrant violations of the game laws, simply to please a lot of selfish agriculturists, who claim the quail are their property and not the State's, and who, in their selfish meanness, would kill every bird while on their land, sooner than a fellow-citizen and taxpayer should have a single brace.

The following is the way the miserable fellow of a law-breaker speaks in the last issue of his paper:

"It is said that a professional hunter at Cucamonga has trapped and shot a thousand dozen quail this fall and still the good work goes on and the settlers are glad to get rid of the pests of which there are many more left."

Now, considering the number of times a man can conveniently shoot in a day, and the shortness of the period since the season opened, it is evident, two-thirds of this large number of birds, at least, must have been killed or illegally trapped out of the season.

The cash value, in our city markets, of these birds, would be \$1,500, if they could be sent by rail. So this professional hunter has stolen from his fellow citizens, who pay their taxes, while probably does not pay a cent just \$1,000 in one month. Yet, there lives a journal so corrupt in nature, as to openly applaud such shameless dishonesty and violation of law. What are the officers of the government and the decent citizens of the district thinking about, to allow a notorious law-breaker like this man to slaughter 12,000 quail in one month? What are we to look for in future?"—[Breeder and Sportsman.]

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3 eyelets, kids, at \$2 50 per pair

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Wester Report.

WAS DEPARTMENT, SIGNAL SERVICE U. S. ARMY Division of Telegraphs and Reports for the benefit of Commerce and Agriculture. Report of observations made at Los Angeles, Cal., November 24, 1883:

Time	Latitude	Longitude	Altitude	Barometer	Wind	Clouds	Temperature
4:15 P. M.	34° 02'	118° 02'	4000 ft.	30.02	SW	Clear	64°
5:30 P. M.	34° 02'	118° 02'	4000 ft.	30.02	SW	Clear	64°
6:45 P. M.	34° 02'	118° 02'	4000 ft.	30.02	SW	Clear	64°
8:45 A. M.	34° 02'	118° 02'	4000 ft.	30.02	SW	Clear	64°
10:45 A. M.	34° 02'	118° 02'	4000 ft.	30.02	SW	Clear	64°
12:45 P. M.	34° 02'	118° 02'	4000 ft.	30.02	SW	Clear	64°
2:45 P. M.	34° 02'	118° 02'	4000 ft.	30.02	SW	Clear	64°
4:45 P. M.	34° 02'	118° 02'	4000 ft.	30.02	SW	Clear	64°
6:45 P. M.	34° 02'	118° 02'	4000 ft.	30.02	SW	Clear	64°
8:45 P. M.	34° 02'	118° 02'	4000 ft.	30.02	SW	Clear	64°

Maximum, thermometer, 64°; minimum, 62°.

Barometric reading, 30.02.

Wind, SW, force 2.

Clouds, few, scattered, thin.

Temperature, 64°.

Atmospheric pressure, 30.02.

Relative humidity, 62%.

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